THE

CATHOLIC WEEKLY INSTRUCTOR;

Or, Miscellany of

RELIGIOUS, INSTRUCTIVE, AND ENTERTAINING KNOWLEDGE.

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THE CHAPLAIN OF ST. DENIS.

ON a lovely Sunday evening in the end of August, 1792, a party of fierce-looking strangers seated themselves with an insolent and swaggering air, under the awning in front of a cabaret, in the square of the little town of St. Denis. They were all more or less armed, and all, without exception, wore the *bonnet rouge*. The provincial accent in which the greater number of them spoke, showed that they were new arrivals in the capital; and the patois with which two or three interlarded their conversation, betrayed a Marseillaise origin. A few of the villagers who had been sitting quietly in the shade before they arrived, made way at once for the swaggering strangers; and though curiosity detained a few listeners, the majority slunk off with an evident expression of fear, if not dislike, at their approach.

Nor indeed was it any wonder. It was an awful period. May we never, dear reader, know any thing of its horrors except from history! Men had learned, from the reckless atrocities then daily and hourly committed, that no institution, however venerable, could be regarded as stable, that no ordinance, however sacred, was secure from profanation. And especially it was no wonder that the poor burghers of St. Denis should tremble in this inauspicious presence; for it was but a short time before that a similar gang had broken into the old cathedral of their town—the burial-place of the royal line of France—profaned its altars, rifled its tombs, scattered the ashes of the kings to the winds, and destroyed in a few hours some of the noblest monuments of antiquity, of which not France alone, but Europe could boast.

The strangers, however, took no notice of the consternation they occasioned; but after ordering a supply of wine and *eau-de-vie*, to which they addressed themselves with no unpractised air, they continued the conversation in which they had seemingly been engaged before they arrived.

"That was a clever job at the St. Esprit in Troyes last week," said one, apparently the leader of the party. "The croaking old nuns refused for a long time to leave the convent, till at last citizen Pettica coolly set fire to it over their heads; and then, I promise you, they scampered off like rats from a smoking corn-stack."

But did you hear of the glorious doings at Bordeaux," said one of the Marseillaise. "Balmat is just back from the South, and told it to us last night at the club, in proposing a new member The day before he came away, he saw no less than three of the ringleaders of the priestly gang quietly disposed of. The first was beheaded, the second drowned, and the third flogged to death; and the brother of one of them, the gallant fellow whom Balmat proposed for the club, was the very first to plant the 'Tree of Liberty' on the spot still red with his brother's blood."*

"Bravo," replied Mortier, the first speaker. "We are picking down the crows out of the old rookery by degrees. They have cawed too long for liberty."

"Never mind," said a fierce, red-whiskered fellow, more than half drunk already, though he still plied the bottle steadily. "Never mind! This slow work will never do. We must burn them out by wholesale, and pay off all scores at once."

"Well said, Richaud!" echoed two or three of the Marseillaise voices. "Give us the wholesale work! Here's to Meslier's immortal toast: "*Que le dernier des Rois soit etranglé avec les boyaux du dernier des Prêtres!*"†

It is revolting to relate that the brutal toast was received with acclamation by the infatuated wretches! Alas, when is the depth of depravity too deep for the human heart when abandoned to its own wicked will! Alas, alas, if the gates of the infernal abyss had been flung open, and its foulest fiends had walked the earth uncontrolled, what is the possible enormity their hellish ingenuity could devise, that has not actually been exceeded by the incarnate fiends of this unhappy time!

During the clamour which succeeded the toast, one of the party rose, and withdrew from the ca-

* This is literally true.

† "May the last of the Kings be strangled with the bowels of the last of the Priests!" This brutal wish of Meslier is actually recorded of him *with approval*, by Naigeon in the article on his life.

baret. He had hardly yet reached the prime of manhood, but his stern and gloomy features wore a dark and gloomy, though not utterly depraved expression. Of a rank evidently superior to that of his companions, he was an amateur in the work of violence for which they were hired. He was a professed lover of liberty, though he could hardly conceal from himself that his feelings were strongly warped by misanthropy and disappointed ambition. Still he had wrought himself up to a degree of enthusiasm in his new career, and regarded the cruelties by which it was marked, as but the wild justice of an insulted people, whom sense of wrong, pent up for centuries of oppression, had at length burst out with a violence which it was idle to restrain. The present expedition had been undertaken by direction of the higher powers, for the arrest of several non-juring priests who were reported to have taken refuge in the neighbourhood of St. Denis; and Ferrand (for so he was called) had joined it from some undefined feeling which he could not himself fully analyze.

He strolled from the square towards the old cathedral, the towers of which were gorgeously lighted up by the declining sun. I dare say but few of my readers have seen the cathedral of St. Denis, and those who may happen to have seen it of late years, must remember that at the time of which I speak, now fifty years ago, its appearance was very different from that which it now wears. The whole building bore numberless traces of recent violence; the exterior, now so tastefully and successfully restored, was not only time-worn—that one would not have minded in a church of six or seven centuries' standing—but hideously shattered and dismantled. The pinnacles were broken, the fretwork was destroyed, the niches were despoiled of their sacred occupants, which lay in fragments upon the ground, the gorgeous windows were shivered into pieces, the roof, now so exquisitely finished in "blue powdered with stars of gold," was then cold, bare, and in part blackened, the pillars and frieze bore the fresh marks of the pick-axe and the sledge hammer, the statues were mutilated and hurled to the ground, the boxes were rifted and flung down, the monuments were torn open, and fragments of the coffins and other memorials of the dead strewed the floor, the choir-stalls were hacked and disfigured, the altars were stripped of their sacred ornaments, and one or two of them overthrown; in a word, the whole scene was an illustration, and even so did it force itself upon Ferrand's mind, of "the abomination of desolation standing in the holy place."

Still, even in its desolation, it was a venerable old pile. Ferrand, who saw it for the first time, was struck, in his own despite, by the exquisitely light and graceful proportions of the exterior, the rich ornamental work of the tower, and the gorgeous tracing of the doors and windows. He could not withdraw his eyes from the startling, though grotesque sculptures which adorn the entrance, and exerted all his skill in trying to decipher (what was then a difficult task) the legend which surrounds it. I may take this opportunity, while he is so engaged, to tell a few words of his history.

Jules Ferrand (he had dropped the aristocratic *De*) was a younger son of a noble family in the Tourraine. The eldest brother, as a matter of course, was destined to succeed to the family estates. Jules, with a second brother, was born to comparative dependence. Still his prospects of distinction were sufficiently flattering. The utmost pains were bestowed upon his education, and he was carefully trained up in the strictest principles of religion. From his boyhood, however, he had displayed a degree of sensibility almost bordering upon moroseness. He bitterly felt his inferiority to his more favoured brother; and some chance allusion to his dependent prospects, intended merely to stimulate his industry, fixed the barb of discontent in his heart for ever. Ambitious and aspiring, yet without the perseverance which would enable him to win his way unaided to eminence, and too proud to accept, much less to seek, the assistance which he thought was only extended as a favour, he dreamed away his early youth in unavailing repinings at his lot. The more pliant temper of his younger brother, Jean, opened a way for him to distinction; and his early success, which was sometimes put forward as a model for Jules, and the favour with which he was regarded by all who knew him, tended still more to embitter the lot of the sensitive and unhappy young man. His repinings soon ripened into discontent. Evil companions completed the work of disaffection. He became gradually estranged from his family and friends. His religious principles were one by one undermined. The flatteries of false friends taught him to believe that in another state of things his talents could not fail to secure him fortune and distinction; and when the hour of change arrived, and the revolution burst out in all its fatal fury, he was among the first to hail the prospect, and the most violent in urging it on to a speedy crisis. Once involved in the whirlpool, he was drawn from abyss to abyss, till at last the natural feelings of humanity were almost totally obliterated, and he could herd with the vilest and most brutal of the revolutionary mob on terms, not alone of toleration, but even of fellowship and fraternity. Thus he advocated, or professed to advocate, upon principle, all the violences into which the more menial instruments of revolutionary cruelty plung-

ed from the mere instinct of brutality and thirst of blood.

That one such as he should be struck with any thing like regret at the sight which awaited him in the interior of the cathedral, it would hardly be natural to expect. Yet so it was. Hardened as he was, a feeling akin to shame, if not to remorse, stole over him as he contemplated the scene of ruin. He could not help asking himself what the cause must be, which it was sought to uphold by means like these; and the gloomy silence of the hour, the melancholy plight of the venerable old aisles, the shattered and mutilated fragments of what once had been bright and beautiful, gave weight and force to the reflections which his better feelings suggested. But he yielded not to the impulse. He passed on with a rapid and determined step, as though he sought to fly from the thoughts to which he was resolved not to give way.

Insensibly, however, his pace slackened, as he passed around the back of the choir, and he paused to examine, now the rude sculptures which adorn the inclosure, now the antique and strange looking altars which rest against the wall of the church. The dim and unsteady light of the evening hour, heightened the effect which they were calculated to produce, by bringing out more mysteriously their strange and uncouth forms, and concealing the injuries which they had sustained from the recent violence of the mob.

He was irresistibly impelled to pause at every step, and, in the interest which the examination created, he forgot for a moment the purpose for which the visit had been made.

Suddenly, however, his attention was recalled by the sound of suppressed or distant voices, and he stood still, in the hope of discovering whence it issued. It was as if immediately beneath his feet; and after a moment's reflection, he concluded that it came from the crypt, a subterraneous chapel. Returning cautiously from the rear of the high altar, he descended once more into the aisle, and, to his surprise, discovered that the massive iron gate of the crypt lay open. He entered without hesitation, and threading his way through the dark passage at the entrance, he soon reached a spot from which he was able to see distinctly what was passing within.

A number of little children were assembled in the small chapel which lies immediately below the high altar in the upper church, and which is used for the mass of the dead. An old and venerable priest, assisted by another clergyman still very young, was in the act of addressing the little flock. They had evidently selected this spot for their Sunday evening's devotions, for the purpose of concealment; and the priest was giving them a few words of instruction on the duties of christians, previous to dismissing them for the night.

These, then, were the men of whom Ferrand's party were in quest, and his first impulse was to return to bring them to the spot without delay. A certain undefined curiosity, however, induced him to hesitate for a few moments, and listen to the discourse of the old man. It was upon the horror of sin, and the terrors of God's judgment. Simple and unstudied, it was addressed direct to the hearts of his little hearers, and from the trembling lips of the venerable old man it came with a sort of unearthly power. The whole scene was almost overpowering. The darkness which reigned all around, save in the single spot where the preacher and his little auditory stood; their eager and awe-struck young faces as they gazed with breathless interest upon the speaker; the zeal, and charity, and paternal affection which gleamed from his eyes, and trembled in his faltering accents; the simple earnestness with which he proposed the terrific truths which he laid before them, all came upon the unseen stranger, with a force which he himself could never have anticipated. They touched a chord which for years had lain silent and neglected. He strove to laugh off the feeling this excited, as he had done a thousand times. He recalled all the fallacies by which he had so often quieted the "still small voice" of his inward monitor. But it was vain. The impression was too strong to be thus summarily dismissed. He would fain have withdrawn; shame, pride, anger urged him to return to his companions. But he was withheld by an impulse which he could not resist, and remained wrapt in the subject of the preacher's address till he had concluded, with even more unction than he had manifested in any previous moment.

Scarcely had he closed, when the little crowd fell upon their knees, and all, with one voice, began to repeat, along with the venerable priest, their evening prayers—the very prayers which Ferrand in his better days had been taught to say. Their little voices chimed harmoniously together. The deep and solemn, though trembling, tones of the old priest were heard distinctly above them. They spoke to Ferrand's heart of many a long-forgotten feeling, of many a touching and tender memory long passed away. And while he gazed with intense anxiety upon the scene, he saw a mother, who was among that crowd, take the little hands of her child within her own, and try to teach its young lips to join in the prayer which it could barely articulate. This simple incident completed the triumph of grace in the softened heart of the long-lost man. He flung himself upon his knees, and, after a brief

and almost despairing prayer, he rushed from the spot.

In a few minutes after Ferrand left the church, a hurried messenger was observed to enter the cabaret, where his companions still continued their carousal, and addressed a few words to the leader of the party. He started up with an air of alarm, and the whole company hastily quitted the shop and returned in confusion to Paris.

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About a dozen years since an English traveller heard the above story related in a very affecting sermon on the religious education of youth, from the pulpit of the cathedral of St. Denis.

Reader, the preacher—a venerable old man—bowed down by the weight of years and apostolic labours, was the long-lost, but penitent Ferrand himself. He died in a few months afterwards, a most holy and edifying death, and is still affectionately remembered by the villagers as the good old Chaplain of St. Denis.* R.

A MORAL VERDICT.

At the assizes at Carlisle, the plaintiff having brought an action for slander against the defendant my client, his counsel proved that my client had called the plaintiff a thief, and stated, that as the plaintiff did not want great damages, but only to vindicate his character, he would be content with £10 damages, which was certainly as much as he was entitled to. Upon my cross-examining the plaintiff's witness, it came out that the plaintiff himself had said the defendant was a highwayman and a robber. I submitted, therefore, to the jury, that if legal justice required that my client should pay £10 for calling the plaintiff a thief, moral justice required that the plaintiff should pay one sum of £10 for calling my client a highwayman, and another £10 for calling him a robber; and that, therefore, they should not find a verdict with £10 damages for the plaintiff, but a verdict with £10 damages for the defendant. However morally just this obviously was, the judge, Mr. Justice Heath, was excessively angry with me, and told the jury that it was (as it certainly was) clearly against the law. The jury, however, gave a verdict for the defendant with £10 damages; the judge, again and again, remonstrating with them; but no other verdict would they find. As the verdict was good for nothing, I advised with my client to close with a proposal that the plaintiff should drop his action, each party paying his own costs, and so close the matter." *Life of Lord Eldon.*

ANCIENT STATUES.

Let us take the head of Mercury, which is simply beautiful, and the head of satyr, both antique, and contemplate them in succession. In the Mercury, there is a combination of forms and general proportions of the head and face, never seen in all the varieties of living man; yet is the whole and each particular feature perfectly beautiful. In turning to the satyr, we find every proportion reversed; the forehead narrow and depressed; the eyes near, small, and a little oblique; the nose flattened to the upper lip; the mouth protuberant; the ears large, tipped, and sharp; and the expression of the whole goatish and savage; and what there is of human expression is lively and humourous, but common and base. Now the principle which has been followed in giving beauty to the head of Mercury is obvious here:—*Whatever is peculiar to the human countenance, as distinguishing it from the brute, is enhanced.* Not only is the forehead expanded and projecting, and the facial line more perpendicular, but every feature is modelled on the same principle: the ear is small and round; the nostril is eminently human, and unlike that of the beast; the mouth, the teeth, and lips, are not such as belong to the brute, nor are they mere instruments of mastication, but of speech and human expression. So of every part, take them individually, or as a whole, whatever would lead to the resemblance of the brute is omitted or diminished.—*Sir Charles Bell on the Anatomy and Philosophy of Expression.*

THE WREN.

The wren is at once distinguished in appearance from our smaller British songsters by the erect position of its tail. Its restlessness, too, renders it particularly conspicuous; for, when we look at it, we find it so perpetually on the move, that I cannot recollect to have observed this diminutive rover at rest on a branch for three minutes in continuation. Its habits are solitary, to the fullest extent of the word; and it seems to bear hard weather better than either the hedge-sparrow or the robin; for whilst these two birds approach our habitations in quest of food and shelter, with their plumage raised as indicative of cold, the wren may be seen in ordinary pursuit, amid icicles which hang from the bare roots of shrubs and trees, on the banks of the neighbouring rivulets; and among these roots it is particularly fond of building its oval nest. The ancients called the wren Troglodytes; but it is now honoured with the high-sounding name of Anorthura, alleging, for a reason, that the ancients were quite mistaken in their supposition that this bird was an inhabitant of caves, as it is never to be seen within them. Methinks that the ancients were quite right—and that our modern masters in ornithology are quite wrong. If we only for a moment reflect that the nest of the wren is spherical, and is of itself, as it were, a little cave, we can easily imagine that the ancients on seeing the bird going in and out of this artificial cave, considered the word Troglodytes an appropriate appellation.—*Waterton's Essays on Natural History.*

"Know," said Sir W. Raleigh to his son, "that flatterers are the worst kind of traitors, for they will strengthen thy imperfections, encourage thee in all evils, correct thee in nothing, but so shadow and paint thy follies and vices, as thou shalt never, by their will, discover good from evil, or vice from virtue. And because all men are apt to flatter themselves, to entertain the addition of other men's praises is most perilous.—If thy friends be of better quality than thyself, thou mayest be sure of two things; the first, that they will be more careful to keep thy counsel, because they have more to lose than thou hast; the second, they will esteem thee for thyself, and not for that which thou dost not possess."

* We trust that our Correspondent, one of the most gifted of the Irish clergy, will often enrich the pages of our Instructor.

LEGENDS OF ST. FRANCIS.

The Church having consecrated a day on which to commemorate the stigmas of St. Francis of Assisium, it may be interesting to some who are unacquainted with the circumstance, to relate the manner in which the mountain of Alverno, where he received the stigmas from the hands of a Seraph, came into his possession.

He was travelling, as was his wont, through Italy, to preach and instruct the people; when having crossed the Apennines, he traversed the valley of Museichia, to go to Mount Filtro. On his route he was told that the lord of the town had just been knighted, and was giving a grand entertainment in his castle, where all sorts of games and spectacles were going on, and where were assembled a number of nobles, among others the count Orlando Catanio, lord of Chiusa Nuovo. Being near the castle, and hearing the sound of trumpets announcing that the rejoicings were already commenced, "Come," said he to his companions, "let us go also, and oppose with all our might the devil, who will not fail amidst these rejoicings to lay his ambushes, in which many souls will be taken, for we must labour in every place for the salvation of souls." They ascended to the castle, and were in time to assist at the solemn high mass where the new knight and his noble companions attended. No sooner was the mass finished, than St. Francis took possession of a rising ground near the church, in order to preach to the people as they came out. He took for his text these words, from Rom. viii. 18.; "for I reckon that the sufferings of this life are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed in us." The riches I hope for are so great, that in order to have them, there is no pain I would not willingly suffer;—he proved this by the example of the Apostles, who were filled with joy, when they suffered outrages for the name of Jesus—by the example of the martyrs, who willingly exposed themselves to torments and death in order to gain heaven; and ended by urging reasons so strong and so pathetic, that his auditors, filled with admiration, felt all the sentiments with which he wished to inspire them. They found in the preacher something divine, which impressed them with profound respect, and their eyes were fixed on his face as if it had been the face of an angel.

The Count Orlando, more touched than all the others because of the extraordinary things he had before heard of the Saint, took him in his arms when he had finished, and besought him to instruct him in the way of salvation. Francis, who joined to his ardent zeal much discretion and politeness, said in reply, "Go now, my lord, and pay the requisite attention due to your friends here; we will speak of this affair in another more fitting time and place:" the Count submitted and rejoined his friends. The feast being over, he returned to his sage director, with whom he held a long conversation, and was so penetrated by divine grace, that in order to have Franciscans always near him, he offered them Mount Alverno, promising to build a convent for them there. The place being solitary, and well fitted for contemplation, St. Francis agreed, the convent was built, and years after on that mountain St. Francis received the stigmas of the Passion of our Lord. All this happened just before the saint visited Spain; and it was not until his return that he went to Mount Alverno for the first time. It is situated on the confines of Tuscany, and forms part of the Apennines, the rivers Tiber and Arno flowing at its feet. On three sides the rocks are so precipitous, that they form an impassable wall. St. Francis hired a peasant to guide him to the top of the mountain; on the way the peasant addressed him in the following manner: "My "brother, I hear say much good of thee, and I understand that God has given thee great graces, for which thou shouldst be very thankful. Apply thyself, then, to be such as folks say thou art; and never change, that those who put confidence in thee may not be deceived; and that's the advice I give thee." St. Francis, charmed with the blunt honesty of the man, threw himself at his feet and thanked him, acknowledging the great mercy of God who had deigned to look on his lowliness. Though the advice came from a peasant, it was one of the most salutary that could have been given to a Saint.

On another occasion, St. Francis was preaching in a town where was a family who had invited him to dinner. The family consisted of a lady and gentleman who had gone to hear him preach, leaving their only child, a little boy, in charge of a servant at home. The servant wishing to hear the sermon also, left the child in the house alone, and the poor little innocent fell into a pot of boiling water and was scalded to death. The distress of the parents may be more easily imagined than described: yet knowing a saint was coming to the house, they controlled their grief and received him calmly, saying nothing of what had happened in consequence of his sermon. St. Francis having finished his dinner, expressed a desire to eat apples, and his host apologised for having none in the house—"I must have some apples," said St. Francis; "do look in that chest, I think you will find some there?" He pointed to a chest which stood in a corner of the room, and in which the parents had placed the dead body of their child! The mother's agony could no longer

be restrained—"Yes, look into that chest," she cried, rushing towards it! "look, and see what is there!" She raised the lid—and, lo!—there lay her laughing rosy-cheeked boy, holding two beautiful apples in his little hands!

St. Francis was walking one day with his companion along a road, on which they saw a purse of gold lying—the companion would take it, but the saint said, "that money does not belong to us." His companion went on grumbling, and saying, "we might as well have had it—the next person that comes will take it, the rightful owner will never get it." "Go back, then," said St. Francis, "and take it." The man returned, he stooped to lift it—when a venomous serpent came out of the purse, seized it in its mouth, and ran into the wood. "See," said St. Francis, "how gold becomes a devil in the hands of men."

St. Francis founded three orders in the Church, all based upon these texts of the Gospel: "If thou wilt be perfect, sell that which thou hast and give to the poor." "Carry nothing with you in your journeys?" "He that will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross." What could be more calculated to repulse the natural man! Yet these maxims soon found thousands to put them in practice, and these orders, founded six centuries ago, survive in all the vigour of eternal youth.—How could a poor and uneducated man accomplish such wonders? We measure the power of men by silver and gold—we believe money to be the nerves and sinews of great enterprises—without it we expect nothing great—and when we have it, what can we do? We can purchase land, we can build palaces, we can live in luxury and splendour, and be surrounded by a fawning train of dependants and flatterers. But, Angels and Ministers of God, who guide the heavenly orbs, with what an eye of pity do ye look down on our chimerical grandeur? Great enterprises are not brought about by riches, for they are useless without the blessing of God, but with His blessing even poverty and barrenness become rich and fertile. It is God only who gives the beginning, the progress, and the accomplishment of all great things. The treasures of earth are incapable of accomplishing any good of themselves—on the contrary, they are, says the Prophet, but a devouring fire which consume the foundations of great houses; because impiety, hardness of heart, and the substance and blood of the people too often mingle themselves in the treasures of iniquity. Of the three orders founded by St. Francis, the third is suited for all ranks, all ages, and either sex, single or married; without interfering with the duties of any. Soldiers may enrol themselves under its banner without deserting their colours; Merchants without neglecting their commerce; Magistrates without descending from the bench; Princes and Kings have entered this order without dishonouring their throne. It is an order, like heaven, suited to all conditions; the grand qualification for entering it, is poverty of spirit—a qualification necessary for entering heaven itself. St. Francis, that great imitator of our Saviour's poverty, is powerful in heaven to obtain this grace for us, if we will ask it from him through Christ.

Holy St. Francis, pray for us.

M. L.

TO MY GUARDIAN ANGEL.

Fervent and fond he guards the fearful hours,
Burying his being's happiness in ours,
So strongly he doth love.

Shall I not kneel to bless
Thy love's untold excess,
Angel of many cares—to whom is given
Watchfulness long and sweet
Over my errant feet,
By the all-bounteous Mind of watchful heaven.

Oh! thou hast loved me well—
More than this heart can tell—
Standing beside me in the evil hour;
And many a thought of thine
Hast thou infused in mine,
Till I grew quickened in thy blended power.

Still let thy potent arm
Shield me from guilt or harm,
Show, too, the syren, sin, in danger's way:—
Strengthless I am indeed—
Yet let the bruised reed
Repose its frailty on its guardian-stay.

Nor fly at even-close—
Let me, let me repose
Under thy shadow through the drear midnight;
And should my voice arise,
Shape into prayer my sighs,
And let me kneel with thee at morning light.

There bowed in awful prayer,
Do thou mine accents bear
To Him by whom this live-long trust was given;
Do *not* forgetful be,
But truly pray for me,
And I will bless thy kindliness in heaven. S.

A Hint to the Sedentary.—Speaking, reading aloud, and singing, are useful kinds of exercise; and it is supposed that this is at least one cause of the greater longevity of clergymen, public speakers, teachers in universities, and schoolmasters; and Dr. Andrew pleasantly observes, that one reason why women require less bodily exercise than men is, that they are in general more loquacious. Hence, those sedentary artificers, who, from habit, almost always sing at their work, unintentionly contribute much to the preservation of their health.—*Henderson on the Preservation of Health.*

THE BITER BITTEN.

(From the Dublin Journal.)

Not far from a village in the South of Ireland there lived one Paddy Casey, a decent, honest, simple poor man, who endeavoured by unremitting industry to support in comfort a wife and large family, on little more than two acres of ground—an enterprise not always practicable, but particularly difficult when a rainy season set in, or the weather was unfavourable for the particular kind of crops he endeavoured to grow on his land. On one occasion of this kind, his stack of barley, which the little farm had produced him, was malted to such a degree as to render it quite unsaleable, thus blasting the hopes which he had formed of a sufficiency of provision for the ensuing winter.

Although nearly all his neighbours were engaged in the trade of illicit distillation, Paddy Casey had hitherto avoided it from an unwillingness to run so great a risk; but the case now stood thus—by success in such a speculation, he had the fairest hope of gain; by failing he had nothing to lose. So he took the advice of his neighbours, and prepared his otherwise worthless corn for the still; and in course of time, had the good fortune to bear home his poteen in safety. Another difficulty was still to be surmounted, however, before he could count himself perfectly safe; and this was, to dispose of it. All the information he could gain on this point was, that in the neighbouring town there lived a grocer, who, dealing largely in illicit spirits, generally was the purchaser of all the neighbourhood could supply. To him Paddy accordingly determined to go; and having borrowed an ass and car, and packed his little cargo securely under a load of straw, set out for his destination in the evening, calculating to reach it towards dusk, when he would have a much better chance to escape notice.

Fortune favoured our hero, and he reached the grocer's door without interruption, where he was introduced to this important personage—a pompous, burly little body, with a sinister expression of countenance, which plainly indicated he had within little of the finer feelings of humanity.

"Yer honour," said Paddy Casey, taking off his caubeen most respectfully; "I am a poor boy that was directed to yer honour, to know if yer honour 'ud take a dhrop of the *rale home-made stuff* from me—about twenty gallons of it, yer honour."

"I don't think I ever dealt with you, honest man—did I?" said the grocer.

"No, yer honour," said Paddy; "but you did with my neighbours the Kearneys—'twas they sent me—and I've a sample of it here in the bottle. I never was in the thrade afore, and it will be a charity for yer honour to buy it; for I dunna what I'll do with it if you don't"

"Have you it under the straw?"

"I have, yer honour, shure enough; and here's the sample—never got the taste of water, no more nor the child unborn." Poor Paddy's eagerness to effect a sale did not escape the notice of the wily negociator, and he determined, accordingly, to take advantage of the simplicity and helplessness of his new customer. Having tasted the sample, and ascertained its strength and purity, he proceeded—

"Yes, it's pretty good—twenty gallons you say—why, honest man, the fact of the matter is, I'm not in need of any at present, as I've bargained already for as much as I want. But since you say you're in such a hobble, I don't mind if I put myself to a little inconvenience about it."

"Why then," said Paddy, interrupting him, "may the blessin's of all the saints be about yer door, and follow you wherever you go. Is it down this gateway I'll turn, Sir?"

"Stay, stay," said the grocer, "we haven't settled about the price yet—I can only give you three shillings a gallon for it."

"Och yer honour," said Paddy, quite disappointed, "when was the likes sould undher four shillings?"

"But, my good fellow," said the grocer, "you forget that I don't want your whiskey at all, and 'tis only as a compliment I'm taking it; so take it or leave it—I don't want the bargain if you don't.

"Oh, be dad, Sir," answered poor Paddy, "that 'ud never pay—say four shillings."

"No," said the cunning trader, turning into his shop, "take three, or try another market."

"Maybe yer honour 'ud recommend me to some body else that wants the like."

"You won't let me have it at three shillings, then?" asked the grocer angrily.

"Och, sure, yer honour couldn't ask it for that?" answered Paddy.

"O, well," said the grocer, "since you wish to try elsewhere, I'll not bar you, but you'll see if you'll do better. There's a gentleman up at the end of the town would be glad, I fancy, to get it; at least he looks out for it pretty sharp. You may try him if you like—he lives next the church—a green hall-door house, two stories high—you can't miss it."

"Say three and nine, and don't send me any farther," said Paddy.

"No, no—have your own way—I won't take it at all now."

"Well, my blessing on you, any how—whay-up-ho," and turning his ass to the street, he proceeded in the direction pointed out to him, and reached it without much difficulty.

On rapping, and demanding to see the master, the proprietor of the house with the green hall-door, a tall, good-humoured looking man, appeared, with a black coat, drab inexpressibles, and top boots.

"Well, my man, what's your business with me?" said he.

"Why, yer honour," said Paddy, laughing slyly, "I was tould yer honour kept a sharp look-out for good poteen."

"And that I do," said the gentleman, "sure enough—I'll give you five guineas into your hand, if you bring me to where there's a gallon of it."

"Whillelu!" thinks Paddy to himself, "I'm made up now entirely. If he'd give so much for a single gallon, and have all the trouble of going for it, sure he'll be offering me the world an' all when I bring it to the door with him."

"Well, my man," said the gentleman, on observing his delighted silence, "what do you say?"

"An' what 'ill you give me," said Paddy, "if I bring you to where there is twenty?"

"I'll give you what I said, upon my honour," answered the gentleman.

"But what 'ill you give me if I bring the twenty to yer very door to you?" said Paddy, slapping his brawny thigh with his open palm, as he reached the climax in the bargain.

"Eh," said the gentleman—"what's that you say?"

"Twenty gallons of the best poteen you ever tasted—

that's what I say," repeated Paddy; "never got the taste of water, or the blast of a gauger's eye."

"My good fellow," said the gentleman, looking a little bewildered, "either some person has played a very great trick on you, or else you are about playing a particularly silly one on me, I'm thinking."

"Oh, the never a trick in it—there they are, snug under the sthraw," said Paddy, "an' sure, yer honour, here's the sample—try it:" and producing the bottle with the sample from beneath his coat, and the gentleman having put it to his lips, Paddy, in his eagerness to conclude what he thought so profitable a bargain, almost rammed the neck of it down his throat, giving him a tolerably fine sample of it before he could get it from his mouth.

"Eh," said Paddy, chuckling with most irrepressible glee, "isn't that the stuff?"

Some time elapsed, however, before the gauger recovered sufficiently to give an answer, from the fit of coughing which seized him after this unexpected drench.

"You vagabond thief!" he exclaimed, on regaining his voice, "do you know who I am?—don't you know I am the gauger?"

"Millia murder!" ejaculated Paddy Casey, leaning up against the wall, quite stunned by the information; "what 'll I do now at all at all. Och, the worst of luck to you, grocer Reynolds, to go ruin a poor boy, with a houseful of childer, this-a-way!"

"I must seize this poteen, my man," said the gauger, restored to his usual good humour; "but, at the same time, I pity you very much, for I'm sure some trick has been played on you, to make you come into my clutches—I dare not let you go."

"Oh, yer honour!" exclaimed Paddy, "I didn't mean you the least offince; and sure there was a thrick, or I wouldn't be the fool to come near you: 'twas all the doing of that Reynolds, the grocer, yer honour, who has ruinated me and my childer." So he told his story exactly as it happened, his extreme simplicity testing the truth of every part of it.

"Ho, ho," said the gauger; "so Mr. Reynolds deals in poteen—does he? this may turn out well for both of us. Now, my man, you see the trick he has played on you, and I suppose you would have no great objection to punish him for his heartlessness?"

"None whatever in life, yer honour: I'd walk to the world's end, with pebbles in my brogues, to have my revinge on him!" vehemently exclaimed our hero.

"You needn't go half so far to do it completely, then," answered the gauger; "follow the directions I'll give you, and play no trick, and you'll find it easy enough to have complete satisfaction of the scoundrel who could thus endeavour to injure a poor man."

He then gave him a detail of his plan, which Paddy most joyfully proceeded to execute.

Having returned to the grocer's, with a melancholy disconsolate air, Paddy once more demanded to see the waiter, who came forth with a grin, in anticipation of the scene which he expected would ensue; he was disappointed, however, on seeing the car and cargo still in possession of the owner.

"So that gentleman wouldn't take your whiskey?" said he.

"Oh, wirra sthure!" answered Paddy, "sure he wasn't at home or he would."

"I say, my good fellow, do you kmow who he was?"

"Oh, the sorra a know; but sure he must be a good fellow, anyhow, if he has such a regard for the poteen. Mr. Reynolds, dear, do take it from me at three-and-six, and earn my blessin', an' my wife's an' childer's into the bargain. Dth, Dth; sorra's on you for poteen, what trouble you're given me—three an' six, yer honour."

"No, no," answered the grocer; "since you missed your other customer, I'll not go back of my former offer. I'll give you the three for it; and now, at a word, make up your mind, take it or leave it, for my tae's coolin', and I can't stand higgling here with the likes of you all night."

"Well, take it, yer honour," said Paddy, anything sooner than bring it back. Musha, the next dhrop of poteen I make again, may it be my poison."

"Here John," said the grocer, calling over his shop-boy, and whispering him, "take this man's whiskey, and put it where you know."

His orders were soon executed. Paddy, on pretence of seeing that he got fair play in the measuring, having made good his entry into the cellar, employed himself, in pursuance of the gauger's directions, in observing where it was placed. As soon as it was all regularly measured and put by, his account was made up and the amount paid, and the gate opened for his departure, when, much to the surprise and dismay of the grocer and his assistants, the passage was in a moment occupied by the gauger, and a party of soldiers under his directions, who were quickly in possession of every post in the concern.

"I'll thank you for the key of your cellar, Mr. Reynolds?" said the gauger coolly.

"Oh, certainly, Sir," said the grocer, with an assumed composure; "but you'll allow me to say, I don't understand what you mean by disturbing my place in this manner, at such an hour of the night. It is quite incomprehensible, so it is."

On this the gauger and Paddy exchanged looks, in a manner calculated very much to awaken the suspicions of grocer Reynolds, who at length discovered the hobble into which his practcal joke had plunged him. From the arrangement of his cellar, however, he was pretty confident of security if he could only obtain Paddy's silence; he, accordingly, moved towards him.

"What will you take and hold your tongue?" said he.

"What 'ill you give me, grocer Reynolds?" answered Paddy.

The grocer slipped a pound-note into his hand; and scarcely had he done so when Paddy was seized by one of the soldiers and led into the cellar.

"Where was this poteen placed?" said the gauger; but Paddy was most piously silent. The question was repeated, but still no answer, and a third time with like success; Paddy, all the time, shaking his head, and making signs, which the gauger at length understood.

"Ho, ho," said he, "is that what you are at?—here, men, remove those vessels in the corner."

The command was obeyed, and forth came to light the hidden treasure so lately purchased by the facetious grocer. The seizure was of course made, amid the dismay and confusion of the grocer and his family, whom such a disclosure necessarily placed in the greatest danger. The vessel was removed; and Paddy, being set at liberty, demanded from the gauger his reward. The five guineas were laid in his hand, and he trudged home that night, the happiest man in the barony. Moreover, when he told his story, no one blamed him for the part he had acted; nor is it recorded, that he was himself ever wounded in conscience for enjoying the spoils of "a biter bitten." M'C.

LETTER FROM ST. JEROME TO ST. PAULINUS.

The ancients held this letter in such esteem, that they thought the study of it afforded great help in the understanding of the holy scriptures. It has been uniformly printed at the head of the approved editions of the Latin Bible; but, as I have never met with it in English, shall give it, though somewhat abridged, for the benefit of my readers.

"I have received your delightful letters, which from our first acquaintance always bore the mark of tried fidelity and long continued friendship. In effect, friendship is never more sincere, nor more solidly established in the love of Jesus Christ, than when it is built, not upon any private interest, the satisfaction felt in each other's company, or on mutual civilities and deference, which border upon flattery, but upon the fear of God and the love and study of the divine scriptures. We read in ancient history of persons who have traversed vast tracts both of sea and land to see some celebrated authors, who were only known to them before by the fame of their writings. It was thus Plato, who was held in such high veneration at Athens, came to hear Archytus at Tarentum; and who, after he had presided with glory in the academical schools, condescended to become a stranger and a disciple, preferring to receive lessons from others with modesty, than to dictate his own with too much assurance. It was in his pursuit after learning and learned men, he was taken prisoner and sold by pirates to an inhuman master, who loaded him with chains; but as he was a philosopher, a lover of virtue and wisdom, he was greater even in servitude, than the inhuman tyrant who purchased him. We read of persons of noble birth, that have been attracted to Rome, even from the farthest extremities of Gaul and Spain, not to behold the variety and magnificence of the buildings, but to see in Rome something greater than Rome itself, Titus Livius, from whom the milky source of eloquence has never ceased to flow. But why seek examples from profane authors, when the apostle Paul, that great vessel of election and teacher of the Gentiles, who from the consciousness of his great inward guest, said to the Corinthians, 2 ep. x. iii. 3. *Do you seek a proof of Christ who speaketh in me?* After waiting a long time at Damascus, after passing through all Arabia, he went up to Jerusalem purposely to see St. Peter, and remained with him fifteen days; and fourteen years later, he returned with Titus and Barnabas to Jérusalem, to give an account to the apostles of his preaching, not to lose the merit of his past and future labours. Instructions of a master delivered by word of mouth come with double force to the scholar. Hence, whilst Æschines was in banishment at Rhodes, he heard the discourse which Demosthenes composed against him read and much praised. The great commendation given to his adversary forced from him a deep sigh; and in his passion he exclaimed, "but what would you have said, had you heard the beast himself delivering his own harangue?" I say not this under the idea that you can have the same ambition to hear or learn every thing great from me; but it behoveth me to commend that ardent zeal you every where show for study. A docile mind is always deserving of praise, though it have not the opportunity of being formed under the direction of a great master. It is mine to consider, not what you may find, but what you so eagerly seek after. There is in the plastic wax the perfection of the figure before the hand of the master has brought it out to view. The apostle glories in having studied the law of Moses and the prophets at the feet of Gamaliel, *Acts* xxii. 3, that being fortified with these spiritual arms, he may be able to say afterwards with confidence: *The weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty to God unto the pulling down of fortifications, destroying counsels, and every height that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God, and bringing into captivity every understanding unto the obedience of Christ,* 2 *Cor.* x. 4. And he tells Timothy: *because from thine infancy thou hast known the holy scriptures,* 2 ep. c. iii, *continue thou in those things thou hast learned, which was given thee with imposition of the hands of the priesthood,* i. 3. He tells Titus, i. 4. after painting in short terms the virtues of a bishop, to apply to the word of God: *embracing that faithful word, which is according to doctrine, that he may be able to exhort in sound doctrine, and to convince the gainsayers.* An ignorant man, however virtuous, is only good to himself; and, in proportion as he edifies the church by his merit, he prejudices it by not being able to oppose her adversaries. Go and ask the priests the explanation of the law, says Aggeus, or rather the Lord by the mouth of his prophet, *Agg.* i. 12, for it was the duty of a priest to expound the law: and in *Deut.* we read: *ask thy father, and he will tell thee, thy elders, and they will instruct thee.* David, after describing and praising the virtues of the just man, *Ps.* i. and comparing him to the tree of life in Paradise, adds: *his will is in the law of the Lord, and he meditates upon it both night and day.* And Daniel, at the conclusion of his most sacred vision, c. xii. says, *the just shall shine as stars, and the learned as the very firmament;* or, as it is in the original, the learned shall shine as the splendour of the firmament, and they who instruct others unto justice, shall shine as stars for all eternity. Why is St. Paul styled *vessel of election?* Because in him there was a treasure of the law and of the holy scriptures. The Pharisees are astonished with the wisdom of our Lord; and in Peter and John they wonder, how these could know the law, without having studied. For what others do not acquire without close application and daily study of the law, that the Holy Ghost infused into them, and they were, to use the scripture phrase, διδακτοι, *taught of God, John* vi. When our Saviour was twelve years old, and was sitting among the doctors, hearing them and asking them questions, his questions were to them so many instructions. Were St. Paul and St. John unlettered and ignorant fishermen, when the first could say of himself 2 *Cor.* xi. *for although I be rude in speech, yet not in knowledge;* and the other, in his celestial flight, could say, *In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God.* This was a secret to the learned Plato, and unknown to the eloquent Demosthenes. *I will destroy,* says he, *the wisdom of the wise, and the prudence of the prudent I will reject, Abd.* ii. 6. True wisdom will confound and destroy the false prudence of men; and, although the preaching of the cross may appear folly to the eyes of the world, St. Paul still preaches it to the perfect: *yet not the wisdom of this world, neither of the princes of this world, that comes to nought: but we speak of the wisdom of God in a mystery, which God ordained before the world,* 1 *Cor.* ii. This must be understood of Christ; for Christ is the virtue and the wisdom of God. Now, this wisdom is concealed under a mystery, and the title of the 9th Psalm is marked *for the secrets of a Son,* in whom all the treasures of the wisdom and knowledge of God are concealed; who himself was hidden in mystery, was predestinated before the world, was predestinated and prefigured in the law and the prophets. Hence the prophets are called *seers:* because whom others did not see, they beheld. Abraham saw his day, and rejoiced. The heavens were open to Ezechiel, which to the sinful people were shut. *Open mine eyes,* cries out David, *and I will meditate on the wonders of thy law:* for the law is spiritual, and requires the help of revelation to be understood, and for us to contemplate the manifest glory of God. A book is shown in the Apocalypse sealed with seals, which if you give to a person who has learned his letters to read, he will reply, "I cannot, for it

is sealed.' How many are there now-a-days, who think themselves scholars, and who hold this sealed book in their hands, and cannot open it, unless he open it who hath the key of David, who opens and no one shutteth, shuts and no one openeth? In the Acts of the Apostles, the holy man, who was reading the prophet Isaias, and was questioned by Philip, if he understood what he was reading, replied, 'How can I, unless some one shall instruct me?' Now, to speak of myself; I am neither more wise, nor more studious than this eunuch, who came from Ethiopia, *i. e.*, from the extremity of the world, who left his royal residence to visit the temple; and so great was his love of the law and the divine wisdom, that he was reading the holy scriptures even in his chariot as he returned. Now, although he held the book in his hands, and understood the words of God, and repeated them, he was still ignorant of Him whom he worshipped in that book. Philip accosts him, and shows him that very same Jesus who was concealed under the mysterious letter. O! how wonderful is the power of the teacher! The same hour he believes, he is baptised, and classed among the faithful of the saints: of a scholar he becomes master, and finds in the sacred waters of the church, though then not much frequented, what he had sought for in vain in the magnificent temple of the synagogue.—The limits of a letter will not allow me to amplify any more on this subject. My cursory observations will sufficiently point out to you the necessity of a previous guide throughout the intricate and difficult paths of the holy scripture. To say nothing of the learned professions, in mechanics, can any one be a proficient in his respective trade without the assistance of an expert master? It is only in understanding the scripture that every one thinks himself competent. A chattering old woman, a doating old man, an empty sophist, all pretend to expound the scriptures; and what is the consequence? They murder the sense by presuming to teach what they have never learned. Some in a circle of weak women, with an assuming air of self-importance and superciliousness, undertake to elucidate the most intricate and knotty passages of scripture; whilst others, with confusion let it be said, learn even of women what they pretend to teach men; and, to carry their effrontery still farther, they pretend to teach what themselves do not understand. I speak not of those who, like myself, come to the study of the sacred writings after a regular course of education: if they can succeed in pleasing their auditory with full sounding words and artfully measured expressions, they pretend that we must receive every thing they deliver as the law of God; and, without taking the trouble to learn the sentiments of the prophets and apostles, they twist and strain different sentences to make them the echoes of their own misformed conceptions. As if there were merit, instead of a burning shame, to give these forced constructions to the sacred writings. Have we not read the centaur of Homer and of Virgil; and how, by detached passages brought together, the Mantuan bard is made a Christian, without any knowledge of Christ; as when in the 4th Ecl. he speaks of the return of a virgin of the golden age, and of a son who is given by heaven to restore peace to mortals! They also hear the eternal Father speaking to his Son, when Virgil says, 'My son, you alone are my power and my strength.' But how childish is all this! how like the promises of strolling quacks, who profess to teach what they are ignorant of themselves.—To descend to particulars. Is the book of *Genesis* so very clear, which contains the creation of the world, the origin of the human race, the division of lands, the confusion of tongues and nations, and the entrance of the Jews into Egypt? Is *Exodus* so very easy, with the ten plagues, the decalogue, and other divine precepts that contain so many mysteries? In *Leviticus* is there nothing difficult, in which every sacrifice, yes, almost every letter, and the vestments of Aaron, and the whole Levitical tribe, breathe nothing but sacred mysteries? Are there no mysteries in the book of *Numbers*, in the enumeration of the people, or in the prophecy of Balaam, (or in the forty-two encampments during the sojourning in the wilderness)? *Deuteronomy*, a second law, and figure of the gospel, does it not so contain what has been said in the other books, as to seem quite a new work, composed from others more ancient? These are the five books of Moses, called the Pentateuch, and which are like the five words which the apostle Paul glories in having ever in his mouth when he spoke in the church, 1 *Cor.* xiv. *Job*, the model of patience; how many mysteries are comprised in his words! He begins with prose, slides into metre, and concludes with prose. All the rules of composition are here observed. First, he proposes his subject, next he proves it by arguments, then fortifies it with authorities, and, lastly, deduces his conclusions. Every word has its weight. He particularly speaks of the resurrection of the dead, and in a manner that no writer has ever surpassed him: 'I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that I am to rise again at the last day: and that I shall be clothed again in this my skin, and in this my flesh I shall see God, whom I myself shall see and mine own eyes, and no other. This hope is laid up in my breast.' I will now come to *Joshua*, or Jesus, the son of Nave, who prefigured Jesus Christ, not in his name only, but in his actions. He passes the Jordan, he seizes the enemy's country, he distributes it among the victorious Israelites, and throughout every town, village, mountain, river, torrent, and confine, he describes an image of the spiritual kingdom, of the church, and of the celestial Jerusalem. In the book of *Judges* there are as many figures as there are governors of the people of Israel. We see in *Ruth* the Moabite the completion of the prediction of Isaiah: *Send forth, O Lord, the Lamb, the Ruler of the earth, from Petra of the desert, to the mount of the daughter of Zion*, xvi. 1. The books of *Samuel*, or the first and second books of Kings, show us in the deaths of Heli and Saul, a figure of the abolition of the old law, and represent to us in the persons of the high-priest Sadock and king David the establishment of a new priesthood and a new kingdom. *Malachim*, or the third and fourth books of Kings, contain the history of the kings of Juda, from Solomon to Jechonias, and the kings of Israel, from Jeroboam the son of Nabat, to Osee who was led captive in Babylon. If you only look to the history, it will appear simple; but, if you penetrate beyond the letter, you will find an image of the small number of the faithful, and of the wars of heretics against the church. The twelve *smaller Prophets*, compressed into one volume, prefigure much more than we find expressed in the bare letter. *Osee* frequently mentions Ephraim, Samaria, Joseph, and Jezrael, a woman also of bad fame, and her children; an adulteress shut up in the chamber of her husband, clothed in her weeds of mourning, and remaining long a widow expecting the return of her husband. *Joel*, son of Phatuel, describes the ravages which the palmer-worm, the locust, the bruchus, the mildew, occasioned in the twelve tribes. He then predicts that God, after the destruction of his former people, would pour out his Holy Spirit upon his servants of both sexes, *i. e.* upon the one hundred and twenty believers, who were assembled in the upper room, or cenacle, when the Holy Ghost descended upon this infant church. *Amos*, the herdsman, who lived on the wild fruit he gathered off the bramble bushes, cannot be explained in few words. For who can satisfactorily explain what he means for three crimes and for four (perhaps *many*) of Damascus, of Gaza, of Tyre, of the Idumeans, the Ammonites, the Moabites, and the people of Juda and Israel, whom the prophet mentions after all the others?

It is he who apostrophizes the fat kine of the mountains of Samaria; and who predicts the ruin of the greater and of the smaller house. He sees who it was that formed the locust, the Lord standing upon a plastered wall, or a wall of adamant. The Lord showed him also, under the figure of a hook with which the fruit is gathered from the tree, the crimes of sinners, which draw down chastisement and famine into the land, not a famine caused by want of bread and water, but a famine of the word of the Lord: They shall go about seeking the word of the Lord, and shall not find it. *Abdias*, whose name signifies servant of God, thunders his menaces against the earthly and bloody-minded Edom, and, with his spiritual lance, he transfixes this constant rival of his brother Jacob. *Jonas*, that beautiful dove, whose shipwreck was a figure of our Saviour's passion, calls the world to repentance, and foretels salvation to the Gentiles in the Ninivites. *Micheas*, a native of Morasthi, coheir of Jesus Christ, predicts the desolation of the daughter of the thief, and remarks that she shall be besieged for striking in the face the Prince of Israel. *Nahum*, consoler of the universe, reproaches a city of blood, and, after having mentioned its ruin, says, 'I see upon the mountains the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, and that preacheth peace.' *Habacuc*, a strong and stiff wrestler, stands sentinel upon the ramparts, that, on seeing Jesus Christ fastened to the cross, he may say, 'His glory covered the heavens, and the earth is full of his praise. His brightness shall be as the light, his strength and power are in his hands: there is his strength hidden.' *Sophonias*, he who considers and knows the mysteries of God, hears a cry from the fish-gate, and a howling from the Second (a part of the city so called), and a great destruction from the hills. He announces to the inhabitants of the Morter, *Maktesh*, (a valley in or near Jerusalem), to howl; for all the people of Canaan is hush, all are cut off that were wrapped up in silver. *Aggeus* the joyful, and observer of festivals, after sowing in tears, that he may gather with joy, rebuilds the ruined temple, and introduces God the Father, saying, 'Yet one little while, and I will move the heavens, and the earth, and the sea, and the dry land. And I will move all nations: *and the desired of all nations shall come.*' *Zacharias*, mindful of his God, contains divers kinds of predictions. He sees Jesus (Joshua) clothed in dirty habits; a stone with seven eyes; a golden candlestick with as many lamps; two olive trees, one to the right, the other to the left hand of the candlestick; horses, red, black, white, and dappled; the chariots of Ephraim routed, and the cavalry of Jerusalem discomfited and dispersed. After all, he predicts the coming of *a King, the just and Saviour: he is poor and riding upon an ass.*—*Malachias*, the last of the twelve Prophets, clearly predicts the reprobation of the Jews, and the calling of the Gentiles: 'I have no pleasure in you, saith the Lord of hosts: and I will not receive the gift of your hands, for from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof, my name is great among the Gentiles, and in every place there is sacrifice, and there is offered to my name a clean offering.' Who is equal to the understanding and expounding *Isaias*, *Jeremias*, *Ezechiel*, and *Daniel*. The *first* appears to give a history more than a prophecy. The *second* sees a rod watching; a boiling cauldron from the north; and a leopard deprived of his colours; and he composes four different sorts of alphabets in four different species of metre. The *third*, both at the beginning and the end, speaks so very mysteriously, that the Jews are not permitted to read this, any more than the beginning of Genesis (or the Canticle of Canticles) before they have attained their thirtieth year. The *fourth*, or last of the greater prophets, penetrating into all, even the remotest times, and possessing a knowledge of all history, clearly foretels that a stone detaching itself from a mountain without the assistance of hands, will overturn all the kingdoms of the globe. *David*, (our Simonides, Pindar, Alceus, our Horace, Catullus, and Serenus), celebrates Christ with his lyre, and with his instrument of ten strings invites him to break forth from his grave. *Solomon*, the pacific, and beloved of the Lord, gives precepts of morality, treats of the nature of things, unites the Church with Jesus Christ, and sings a beautiful epithalamium on their sacred espousals. *Esther*, who is a figure of the church, frees the people of God from imminent ruin; and having slain Aman, which is interpreted *iniquity*, established a feast, and transmits it to the latest posterity. *Paralipomenon*, which is an abridgement of the Old Testament, is of great consequence; and to pretend to understand the scriptures without a knowledge of this book, would be an egregious mistake. For even the very names, and the connexion of terms, serve to elucidate some points of history, which were omitted in the books of Kings, or to explain many difficulties in the Gospel. *Esdras* and *Nehemias*, sent by the Lord to succour and comfort his people, make but one volume (in two books). They restore the temple, and rebuild the walls of Jerusalem. All the crowds of Jewish people, who return into their country, the enumeration of Priests, Levites, Israelites, Proselytes; with the works of the towers and walls, distributed to each family, discover one thing under the bark or letter, but another in the marrow or mysterious meaning.—The affection I feel for the holy scriptures have made me transgress the limits of a letter, and still I have not noticed all I wished you to remark. I have merely sketched what ought to be the objects of our studies and wishes, that we may be able to say with the Psalmist, cxviii. 20. *My soul hath coveted thy justifications* (or holy law) *at all times.*

"I must add a word upon the New Testament. *Matthew*, *Mark*, *Luke*, and *John*, may be looked upon as the chariot of the Lord, as true cherubim, or, in equivalent terms, the plenitude of science, upon which the majesty of God appears seated in *Ezechiel*, i. 10. All their body is full of eyes, they emit sparks of fire, they go and come like lightning, they direct their steps upwards, and with wings behind they fly in every direction: they hold together, and move like one wheel fixed in another, and go wherever the impulse of the Holy Spirit carries them. *Paul* the apostle writes to the seven churches, (for the eighth, addressed to the Hebrews, was not universally received). He instructs Timothy and Titus in their duties, and intercedes with Philemon for a fugitive slave. But I think it more becoming to pass over in silence this great apostle, than to speak of him in a cursory manner. The *Acts* of the Apostles appear to give a plain history of the infant state of the Christian church; but if we carry in our mind, that the writer is no less a person than St. Luke, a physician by profession, so celebrated for his gospel, we shall easily discover that all his words are as many remedies to cure the maladies of our afflicted souls. *James*, *Peter*, *John*, and *Jude*, have published seven epistles not less mysterious than concise; they are at the same time both short and long; short in words, but long in sense, and very few can thoroughly understand them. The *Apocalypse* of St. John contains as many mysteries as words. We say but little with regard to the excellence of this book, when we say it is above all praise; for there is not a single expression which does not include various senses.—I beg of you, then, my most beloved brother, to spend your life in this study; to make the holy scriptures the subject of your constant meditation; to know nothing more, to wish for nothing more. Does not this occupation give you a kind of foretaste of the enjoyment of heaven? Be not displeased with the simplicity of the terms used in the scriptures: they have been introduced either through the ignorance of translators, or the design of the Holy Spirit to bring them more to a level with the understanding of the common

people; and that the learned and the illiterate may construe the same passages in various senses. I have neither the arrogant presumption, nor the foolish stupidity, to flatter myself that I am perfect master of these sublime oracles; or, that I am able to gather here below the fruits of a tree, which has its roots in heaven. But that such is my desire I freely confess, and this is my glory over men who are indolent and indifferent. I cannot offer myself as a master, but I promise to be your schoolfellow. Every one that asketh, receiveth; and he that seeketh, findeth; and to him that knocketh, it shall be opened. Let us acquire that knowledge on earth, which will be perfected in heaven. Come to me, and I will receive you with open arms, and (to copy the vain boastings of the trifling Hermagorus) I will endeavour to learn in your company every thing you can wish to know. You will find here brother Eusebius, who is very much attached to you, and who greatly added to the pleasure your letter afforded me, by what he has told me of your great probity, your contempt for this world, the sincerity of your friendship, and your love for Jesus Christ. It was no ways necessary for him to say any thing of your great learning and beautiful style of writing, your own letter has done that for you. Hasten then to me, I entreat you. Do not wait to weigh anchor: cut the cable and come. A person desirous of renouncing the world, cannot properly sell what he so far despises as to wish to part with. What you love in worldly substance, set down as so much gained. To an avaricious man, not only what he has not, but what he has, is equally wanting. The whole world is the inheritance of the faithful man, but to him that wants faith, every thing is wanting. Let us live as if we had nothing, but possessing all things. Food and raiment are the riches of a Christian. If you have full power over your estate, sell it; if not, throw it up. To him who takes your coat, give also your cloak. Does there not appear a degree of diffidence in delaying day after day, as you do, the accomplishment of your good designs? What! are you apprehensive lest Jesus Christ may not have wherewithal to nourish his poor, unless you dispose of your trifling possessions to their utmost value, and with great precaution? Remember that we give all to God, when we give him ourselves. The apostles only abandoned their boats and their nets: the poor widow's two mites, or farthings, were more acceptable to God than all the riches of Crœsus. He who constantly reflects that he must one day resign his life, can find no difficulty in giving up every other possession."

Title of a Dissenting Hymn Book.—"Regeneration Hymns, or, Spiritual Songs triumphant; original, doctrinal, and experimental, for Zion's returned prodigals, who are truly separated from the false Church, the Devil's seed, and all their cursed fleshly religion, by the sovereign, unctious, discriminating, and glorious free-grace resurrection power of God the Holy Ghost. By Job Bown, preacher of the Everlasting, Positive Gospel, of the ever-blessed God, not made after the law of a carnal commandment, but after the power of an endless life; not of the letter that killeth, but of the spirit that giveth life; not called, trained, and qualified by worldly wisdom, fleshly skill, nor craft and pride of carnal men, but by the quickening, in-dwelling power of God the Holy Ghost, my liberated conscience bearing me witness that I lie not." (16mo. Gloucester, 1844.) One of the hymns (!) commences thus:—

"Ye hell-made bishops, look at this;
And parsons who preach for the fleece!
Ye who've a name to live while dead,
And covet all but honest bread," &c.

AGRICULTURAL WEEDS.

It must be well known to every cultivator of the soil, that these are of a more hardy and vigorous nature than the plants which require the care of his fostering hand, and are apt to gain the superiority, and appropriate to themselves vegetable aliment not intended for them. Hence it is of the greatest importance to every cultivator of the soil, to prevent, as far as practicable, the growth of every kind of vegetable, except those which he cultivates. The number of plants known as weeds is very great; they are either annual, biennial or perennial; the two first die the first or second year, *i. e.* as soon as their seeds are perfected, and are propagated by their seeds; the latter are not only multiplied by their seeds, but also by their roots, which remain inactive during winter, and put forth new plants in spring. The seeds of some plants germinate as soon as they get moisture, although they are not in immediate contact with the soil; others, again, do not succeed unless they adhere to some kind of earthy substance, and enjoy the reviving influence of the atmosphere. Many seeds, however—even those of the most diminutive size—will remain inactive for a long series of years, and vegetate afterwards, *i. e.* as soon as any accident has placed them in a favourable situation; seeds which have been proved to be not less than 1800 years old have germinated, and produced thriving plants. Again, many seeds are accommodated with some kind of wing or feather, by which they are conveyed from their place of birth, and disseminated over the fields; for instance, the seeds of the dock tribe have little wings, somewhat resembling those of a bat, by which they are often conveyed to a considerable distance in high winds; others are furnished with still better means of travelling, and are able to take advantage of the slightest breeze for shifting their position. It is proper that all grass fields, hedge-rows, and waste ground, be kept perfectly free from unprofitable herbage. The negligence which occurs in this respect in many places, is often the cause of the foul state in which neighbouring lands are to be seen. Pastures are sometimes so closely overrun with weeds, that the cattle can scarcely pick up a mouthful of pure herbage, and the vegetable food applied, which should nourish pasture, is consumed by useless weeds.—*Agricultural Gazette.*

THE ORIGIN OF FOGS.

The very common but mistaken idea, that the fog which we see of an evening hanging over low meadows, and by the sides of streams, is *ascending*, arises, very naturally from our first observing it in low places, and as the cool of the evening advances, remarking that it ascends to higher land: the fact is, however, not that the damp is ascending, but that from the coldness of those situations they are the first places which condense the before invisible vapour, and as the cold of the evening advances, this condensation takes place at a higher level. A large portion of the vapour ascends to the upper regions of the atmosphere, where it cools, and becomes visible to us in the form of clouds; and increasing in density by cooling, they gradually descend nearer to the earth, until at last, becoming too condensed by the loss of the heat, they fall in rain to be again returned in endless succession.—*Scientific Phenomena of Domestic Life.*